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LYRIC.

Why is my bosom so heavy and sad,
 Why drops these tears from my eyes?
 All things around me seem happy and glad,
 Yet my heart sorrowing cries—
 O my lov'd home—mountain and stream,
 Hill, rock and valley, and murmuring rill;
 Parted from thee, my life seems a sad dream,
 And my heart sorrowing turns to thee still.
 Eodelin—Eodelin,
 Lov'd native home.

Can I forget where my lips first drew life,
 The home where my forefathers dwelt;
 The Altar where sinking from anguish and
 strife
 For help and for comfort I've knelt.
 O my lov'd home—turning to thee,
 Faster the tear-drops fall from my eyes;
 Strangers look cheerfully, kindly on me,
 But my heart, pining and sorrowing, cries,
 Eodelin—Eodelin,
 Lov'd native home.

H. C. W.

STRAUSS AND HIS SOPHIE WALTZ.

Strauss is a second Orpheus, whose tender-moaning, spirit-stirring, love-kissing music conquers the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore; whose magic sounds soothe hearts, still sighs, dry tears, tame wild beasts, and move the stones themselves. Strauss has written waltzes that are more to me than many operas. In several of his measures there is often more melody than in as many scores of other musicians. What a fullness of siren beauty, what an inexhaustible fount of ever-gushing melody! And not the melody alone—the rhythm also, with magical influence, seizes the brain and enters the heart. His violin is a talisman by which he draws from the depths of the human soul brightest joy and deepest woe, and mingles them with master hand. The bow with which he draws these many-colored tones from his instrument is a magic wand which touches the grief-torn soul with the healing balsam of joy, and lends her wings to mount up into the heaven of peace. There are waltz compositions as rich in melody, but few as rich in melting rhythm, as those of Strauss—by times skipping, humming, waltzing, gliding, and dancing, so inviting, so irresistible, that no dancer can withstand their witching influence. He is the idol of women. In every house, on every piano in Vienna lies Strauss's waltzes. He has written over two hundred—all are favorites, all are sung, and trilled and played throughout Europe. Cobbler and dandy hum and pipe them. We hear them in the street, at the ball, in the garden, and at the theatre. The dancing Viennese carry him on their shoulders and shout, "Strauss for ever!"

This Strauss, this waltz hero, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye was bluer than Haley's heaven, and softer than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty were in every motion, and music in every tone. In a word, Sophie was beautiful—dazzlingly beautiful. He would have given worlds to have won but one glance of love, but she was cold and stern. Madness, indeed, for a poor musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high-born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes.

"Impertinent!" said Sophie; and when

he came to give her brother a lesson on the violin, she scarcely gave him a look.

Shortly afterward, Sophie was betrothed to Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who had, indeed, as many proud ancestors as Sophie, but, beyond these and his titles, had nothing of which he could boast.

One day when Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie, he sank upon his knees before her, and, with burning words, declared his love, and besought her to give him but one word or look of love ere he was quite driven to despair. But neither tears nor protestations moved her; she was cold and unfeeling as marble.

"I am an affianced bride," she said, haughtily, "and if I were not, think you I would become the wife of a poor musician?"

She turned scornfully away and left him alone in his grief and despair. The repentance which awoke in the heart of Sophie, unhappily came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the marriage—in eight days she would be the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the great saloon of the city, and the count called on Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on that occasion, and to honor his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Strauss, the most miserable man in God's universe, promised him both.

"He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself; "but I forgive him; and may she be happy—may she never repent her choice."

He addressed himself earnestly to his work. This waltz should be the interpreter of his passion and his grief to Sophie. It should challenge at least her pity, if not her love. When all the great city slept, Strauss took his violin, opened his window, gazed out into the cold night, and improvised and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet stars above that looked kindly down on the desolate and heart-stricken.

The day of the wedding came at last. This fierce agony of love had given him a waltz every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow, a wailing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes; but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than all. The richest gems lent their charms and their lustre; the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly bridal veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the adoring crowd.

Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant, piercing black eyes, sharp, strongly-marked features, dressed from head to foot in black, as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him, stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra.

Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding guests, and as often as she paused after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes toward the pale, grief-stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and mourning, and met his piercing look of despairing love.

It was more than pity she felt—it was remorse, it was kindling love. A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like a swelling stream, growing ever wider and deeper, threatening to overwhelm and destroy her quite. Gladly she would have wept, but dared not. It sounded twelve o'clock, and Strauss gave the signal for the performance of the new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie on the

arm of the happy bridegroom. All stand spell-bound with the wondrous witchery of those magic sounds. They forgot to dance—they gazed wonderingly up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathed out its woe through the sounding strings of his instrument. His bow moved—with his heart went his spirit. The bridegroom led off. They dance, and dance. Strauss follows the flying pair with tearful eyes, with a torn heart. They dance, and dance, and dance, and will never cease. Strauss plays, and plays, and plays, and will never stop this wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. They dance and dance; he plays and plays. Suddenly the E of his violin snaps, and in that moment Sophie falls, dead upon the floor. Violin and bow fall from his trembling hands, and with a cry of horror, he shrieked, "Sophie!" and fell fainting on the floor.

Since Sophie's death, the waltz is called by her name. Strauss loved her till his death. He, too, is now dead, but his charming Sophie waltz lives yet.

NEW COMPOSITIONS BY ROSSINI.—Last Saturday, Sept. 21st, Rossini's saloons were filled with a large assembly, eager to listen to some new compositions for the pianoforte from the pen of the great maestro—viz., 1. *Gymnastique d'écartement*, etude; 2. *Prélude de l'amien régime*; 3. "Un rein," *valse de boudoir*. The etude is a very characteristic and ingenious piece, full of verve, and strictly keeping to the title. The prelude begins with a lovely melody in the pastoral style, followed by a masterly fugue, and finishing with the introductory melody. It elicited great enthusiasm. What a pity the prelude is not published, and that the musical world is deprived of such a perfect gem. Of the *valse de boudoir*, much cannot be said. It is, indeed, *un rein*. The three pieces were played with great delicacy and expression by a youthful and very talented pianist, M. Albert Lavignac. Among the company were Prince Belgiososo (the composer of a *Stabat Mater*), Federico Lini, Mr. Goldberg and his sister Madame Marini Goldberg (the once popular *prima-donna*), and Mr. Ferdinand Hiller. The last played some of his masterly fugues, and created quite a *furor*, and when he rose from the piano, Rossini embraced him heartily.

HAMBURG.—Offenbach's "Daphnis und Chloe" has been successfully produced.

ART MATTERS.

Mr. Putnam's cosy little gallery will well repay a visit just at present. Setting aside the pictures, there is a home-like, comfortable air about the establishment that is eminently enticing; you can find here all the latest art publications, and everything is conducted in such a quiet, yet elegant manner, that you feel inclined to make yourself perfectly at home—throw yourself into an arm-chair and give yourself up to the softening influences of literature and art. This is just the thing we have wanted in New York for years—a place that shall be elegant, yet not gaudy, in its fittings—a place where good books as well as good pictures can always be